I am adding this note to a printing of chapbooks, which I am hoping to use as a necessary means of survival by leaning on the printing press, and public performance of music, for my freedom and my participation in the economy—after having faced truly mideival forms of arcane torment and dispossession by the monarchist movement, in its quick and mostly unforeseen usurption of American democracy and (perhaps less openly known) transnational hegemony.

At its base the monarchist movement is a cultish regressivism, welding the logic of technocratic philosophy (or the belief that advances in technical complexity must be used to engender cultural hegemony as a form of linear historicism—or evolution as the expression of interpersonal violence and cultural supremacy and chauvanism) to ancient forms of unilateral, oppressive dominion, while simultaneously facing an existential crisis when confronted with the reality of this interior logic's lack of sustainability into the future in the face of climate upheaval and resource scarcity.

On a withering planet in the anthropocene, with fast falling hope for extroprianism (space colonization) as a truly hopeful harbor of the future, the idealism of the space age is confronted with the dreary reality that the cosmos is a cold, directionless vacuum populated by chemical horrors churning in silence across inconceivably vast distances—not a home. Due to this existential insecurity of the socioeconomic metanarrative, and because of my prevailing interests in alternative stories of human development (particularly the psychology and anthropology of religion, and the sustainability of the environment)—I have been selected as worthy for a form of death that would appall anyone.

Having already escaped multiple forms of attempted assassination as of July 2024, including zsersetzung-like attacks on my body, business, social life, and property, and a concerted attempt to sabotage my vehicle to strand me for dissappearance or fatal assault in the Pacific Northwest, I escaped to Europe, having filed a report as a Federal level whistleblower, and finally made yet another desperate report to the United Nations Human Rights Council while in Helsinki regarding domestic repression in the Unitied States, stemming from Bush-era doctrines and fusion policing,

I have since been kept in a kind of roving quarantine as I wander through the world seeking some respite from constant harassment, deprivation, and torment—an inconceivably mideival yet hypermodern blend of repression—as though through I am wandering through the cooridoors of an endless ivory castle, haunted by ghosts and overseen by a gallery of sneering eyes: the movable feast of an unseated plutocracy, assisted by advanced drones, surveillance systems, biotechnology, and access to the back doors of the law on a transnational scale, where justice is all but absent.

If someone representing a government would come to me tomorrow and say, "You may read, write, own property, seek medical care without fear of malicious treatment, and protect yourself against violations of your body, property, and privacy as an equal," I would simply weep and collapse with relief. I would then demand it in writing, with official seal and mark of its utterance, and still I might not believe it. I would wear it pinned to my chest.

I once believed that document was my passport, a presumption which has proven both sadly mistaken and has given me conviction in the sacrosanct value of my home country's founding principles, the United States. The crisis is visceral, and while I am not alone in my persecution I imagine, I have likely witnessed it on a scale inconceivable to most other Americans or even to global citizens unaccustomed to systematic mistreatment.

It is simply impossible to describe how swimming in a swarm of wrath and dehumanization, which has harassed me around the entire globe in seemingly bloodthirsty attempts to stop me from writing and gaining a foothold in the basic ecology of daily life has effected my outlook. All this simply for my own beliefs and my personal convictions, which I consider steadfastly altruistic, humanistic, and philosophical—most of which remain unspoken due to tortures levied on me through unimaginable means of meticulous obsession, by those whose wealth can literally buy cities out from under my footsteps, and conjure in their place a vile maze of facades, petty wounds, indignities, destructions, furious aggravations, frustrated cybernetics, and repeated phobias turned into specters of what was once a humane civic reality.

I have been reduced to rotting into my very boots—through my very clothes, which I sew back together by hand mile after mile—by a coalition neoreactionary monarchists (and monopolists—for monopolarity and monarchism is the ultimate logic of tyrrany) whose arcane regressivism is threatening to strike up a conscious wake of violence and repression possibly unequaled since other famous freefalls of apartheid: the nights of long knives, broken glass, the Nokba—nights of chauvanistic mania and horror which change a landscape and a people with their silences forever. The plutocratic insurgency has revolted against democracy using capital, and has revolted against capitalism using plutocracy. Now a fervant push towards public torment, dehumanization, and the execution of rivals, likely rooted in the pseudoscientific misgivings of mimetic theory, may tip the scales into a new dystopian dark ages if unmatched by some consequence of public reawakening to the principles of democracy and the Enlightenment.

I have been personally, venomously sequestered from justice, solitude, and my basic rights and dignities like a harried animal pursued by sycophantic children with long sticks, and no cares left but to abuse one tortured man as a symbol of their impunity and the nearly unrivaled powers monopolarity, translated into a surreal new realpolitik, where force, theft, and persecution is the right of anyone who may levy it with enough technical practicality as necessary to avoid public scrutiny and consequence.

The sad reality of our hypermodern age is that oligarchy is not a metaphor, and yet it does not offer every balm of civic discourse necessary to justify its own gravity.

At the upper eschelons of society, governments and plutocrats meet and mingle in the same cooridoors of power and prestige (the lobby is neither public nor prone to officious decorum—this is the misty shroud of many powerful actors behind both public and private life and policy). When these actors operate with impunity against the natural rights and liberties of civilians, they afford themselves the impunity of secrecy and obfuscation if they are only allowed to obstruct the press, the law, and the freedoms of the persecuted for long enough toi strike a fatal blow against the innocent. My survival this far has been a miracle, and it is anything but assured tomorrow.

For lack of alternative, I am finding recourse in the press in its most basic form: the digital printing press is at least a democratizing victory of the modern age, and so this short (all too short) narrative of my persecution will survive as long as the paper and ink on which it is printed survive. The words here may or may not outlast my body, but nothing outlasts the eternal spirit from which life is born in this crucible of the earth.

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